

THE ROOSEVELT BEARS ABROAD

By SEYMOUR EATON

Illustrated by R.K. CULVER



The Bears dressed up in kilts and plaid and everything the pipers had.



Where Bobby Burns lived when a lad and to see the kind of home he had.

And a dozen things they couldn't name,
And as they left and said good-bye
They praised the Irish to the sky:
The biggest heart and the sweetest smile
Were always found on the Emerald Isle.

And now for Scotland! Land of heather,
Bens and lochs and rainy weather!
The folks turned out in the town of Ayr
To get a glimpse of a Teddy Bear.
For the news had spread o'er glen and moor
That the Bears would stop at Ayr for sure;
And stop they did, for said TEDDY-B,
"We've come to Scotland just to see
Where Bobby Burns lived when a lad
And to see what kind of home he had
And to read each song and learn the tune
On the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon."
"I'll do the singing," said TEDDY-G,
"And the dancing too; leave that to me.
I can do a clog or the Highland fling
Or a Scotch schottische or anything."
And a dance they had in the town of Ayr
While crowds of children lined the square.

Then out they went to take a look
And to write their names in the tourists' book
And to see the room where Burns was born
And to view his gun and powder-horn
And had and clock and pot and chair
And things on exhibition there;
And Alloway Kirk and the "uncle sight,"
Which gave old Tam o'Shanter fright.

At the Brig o'Doon a fiddler blind,
A Scotchman canny, old and kind,
Was asked by TEDDY-G if he
Would loan his fiddle for an hour to see
If a fig or two and Scottish airs
Danced and sung by Teddy Bears
Would bring the crowd and money make
For the fiddler-blind to his home to take.
But the fun they made in clog and tune
Was a stunt quite new at the Brig o'Doon:
There was "Cake-walk Sue" and "Yankee Doo,"
And things well known to me and you.
The crowd it came; they knew the airs
And recognized the Roosevelt Bears
And thought of home across the sea
And shelled out money quick and free
And said to TEDDIES-B and G,
"You're each a chip of the Teddy tree,
And are masters of diplomacy."

On a Glasgow street they met a lad,
A Scotchman's son in blouse of plaid,
Who had walked for miles round everywhere
While hunting for the Roosevelt Bears.
"Well, here we are," said TEDDY-B,
"And this my class mate, TEDDY-G."
We're looking, too; we want a guide,
To take us up a mountain side.
We'll pay you well and by the mile,
If you land us safe on Ellen's Isle."
"Whit way?" he said. "I dinna ken
If Teddy Bears hae claes like men;
But if ye're the lads, dod ay! I'll go
An' every place I ken I'll show."
An' ken I weel each place o' fame,
An' Wee Macgregor is my name."
Then off they went the jolliest three
Scotch lochs and bens and glens to see.

But the fun they had both day and night
'Twould take a hundred days to write.
They found where young Prince Charlie hid
A rocky cave with a stone for lid.
They searched in glens to find Rob Roy,
Who they supposed was yet a boy.
In huntsman's dress and trappings queer
With hounds and horn out chasing deer.
They thought the famous Trossachs tramped,
And for a night in the glen they camped
With pipers two who were there to play.
As the tourist coach went by each day.
The Bears dressed up in kilts and plaid
And everything the pipers had,
And marched in front of coach and four,
And blew Scotch airs till their lungs were sore.
And held their caps as the coach went by
To catch the silver folks let fly.
Then off they went to Loch Katrine,
The prettiest lake they had ever seen,

And to Ellen's Isle, from Silver Strand,
While Wee Macgregor lent a hand
And pulled the oars and stories told
Of Roderick Dhu, the chieftain bold.

In Edinburgh, the following day,
The bears were feeling somewhat gay,
And TEDDY-G, to show his skill,
"And to view," he said, "the Castle hill."
Climbed hand over hand without being caught,
A monument to Walter Scott.
To the very top, when he called back,
"Three cheers, I say, for the Union Jack!"
While Wee Macgregor, up half way,
Replied, "Dod, ay! ye're there to stay;
Ye might as weel yell out for ball,
For when doon ye come ye go to jail."

(Continued next Sunday.)

The Roosevelt Bears Abroad

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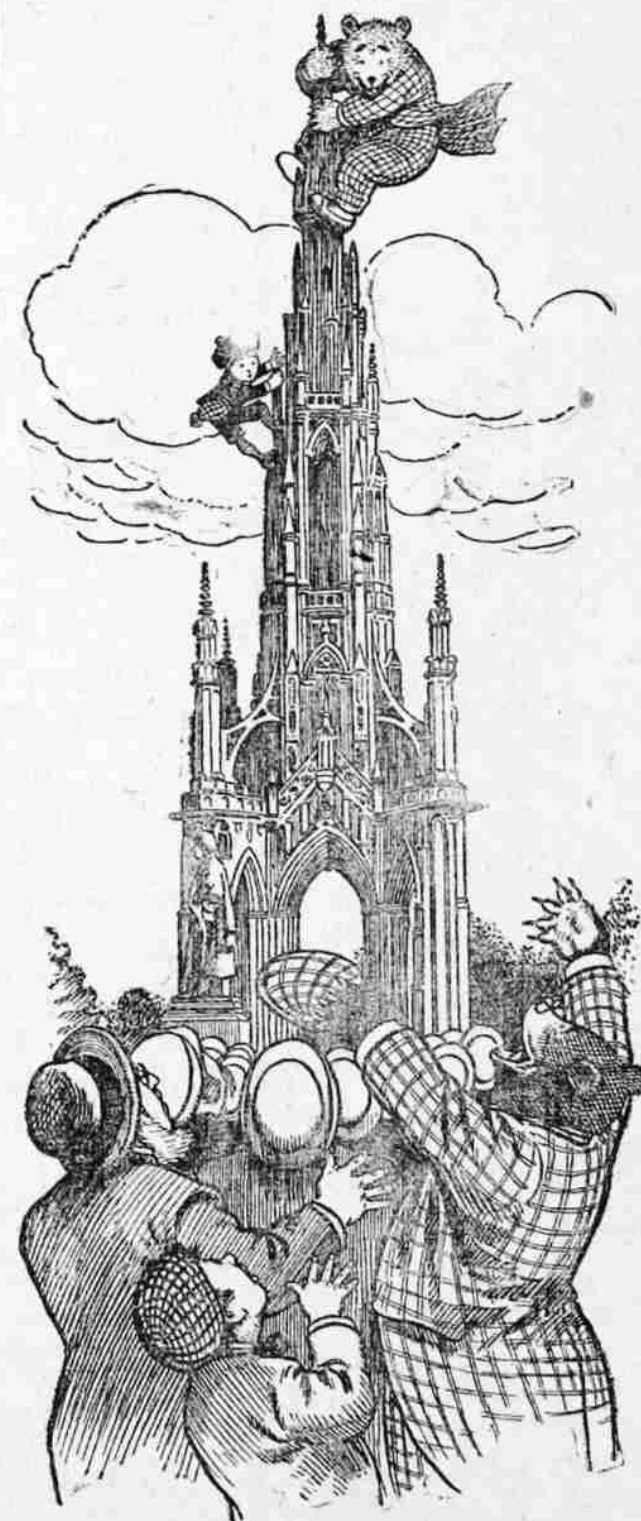
III. THE BEARS IN SCOTLAND.

When Dublin Castle door swung wide
And let the two Bears get outside
Said TEDDY-G to the keeper stout
Who unlocked the door and let them out
"I've read of wars and famous men
On the four stone walls of your musty den,
But not a thing could we find to eat
And naught to drink nor bed nor seat.
We're the hungriest bears you ever saw."

Get us some food either cooked or raw;
We've been locked up for a week or more
And our insides are pretty sore.
I'll pay the price as you can see
In Yankee money or E s d.
At this he brought to the keeper's sight
Two paws filled full with sovereigns bright.
This did the trick; the victuals came:
Some Irish stew and roasted game.



"An' ken I weel each place o' fame an' Wee Macgregor is my name."



"A monument to Walter Scott."